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Believest Thou This

ST. JOHN, XI. 26



Believest Thou This

BY



Author of

“The Temple of The Living Christ”

and

“The Ideal as A Dynamic Force”

BF 1301
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And whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die.
Believest thou this?

St. John, XI. 26

Introduction

A preface to a book is usually deemed essential as a justification of motive. These introductory lines, however, do not involve such necessity, being explanatory rather than apologetic; for the writer lays no claim to the authorship of the poems that follow.

These poetic messages were received clairaudiently from a source external to the writer, claiming to be the soul of Adah Isaacs Menken, and are the *sequelæ* to a volume of poems issued before the demise of that writer, under the title of "In felicia," and dedicated to Charles Dickens, who gracefully acknowledged the compliment in an autograph letter which was reproduced in that work.

Miss Menken, a most beautiful woman

and a celebrated actress, passed into the Beyond in the summer of 1868. Her biography may be found in the second edition of her book, issued by the J. B. Lippincott Company in 1888.

That the poems that constitute this companion volume, and the unusual method by which they have been produced may be better understood, the writer will explain that for years she has experienced auditory impressions, as if addressed in oral language, so distinct as to leave no doubt concerning the nature of the message intended to be conveyed.

In the early part of January, 1899, the first poem included herein, "Passing Out Into Life," was received. From then until the end of that month an additional poem was dictated daily, at which time the writer's mission as an amanuensis ceased.

Realizing how impossible it is, outside a work specially dedicated thereto, to convey any distinct idea or knowledge of the psychic faculty herein utilized, the

writer wisely refrains from any attempt to do so.

Her chief aim in penning these prefatory lines is to establish the fact of the spiritual and mental affinity between the real author and herself; and to ask an indulgent public not only to accord to Miss Menken such praise as the poems may deserve, but also to receive them in the same spirit as they are given to the world.

The writer ventures the assertion that, if the reader will peruse the poems in the original collection, he will not fail to note in these later effusions, though they breathe a more optimistic strain, a characteristic similarity to the weird, fantastical diction that clothes the sentiments of "Infelicia." Furthermore, she begs that, should critical minds condemn, or find small merit in this little book, their censure may fall upon *her* for having failed in some respects accurately to record the beautiful expressions that came to her from one living beyond the grave.

To close with Miss Menken's own words, written in that Past when she was still a plodder in Earth's bleak byways—

“Meekly I have toiled and spun the fleece.

All the work ye assigned, my willing hands have accomplished.”

A. P. D.

You promised that I should ring trancing
shivers of rapt melody down to the dumb earth.

You promised that its echoes should vibrate
till Time's circles met in old Eternity.

You promised that I should gather the stars
like blossoms to my white bosom.

You promised that I should create a new moon
of Poesy.

—MENKEN: *Miserimus*.

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Passing Out Into Life

I

MY pilgrimage through earth-life was one long wail of woe, of yearning and lament:

My soul, unsatisfied, craved for heights I could not reach.

I climbed and climbed the slimy walls of a prison, the bars of which I could not break.

When all the world was clothed in darkness, I breathed out my song of woe:

To a God I could not understand,

To a nation who did not know me,

Believest Thou This

To a world I did not benefit.

Unawakened to the great glory of my soul, I turned my longing eyes to heaven to find that the God *I now know*, was always a part of my own being!

When I passed into this glorious reality, 'twas like an awakening from a terrible dream, the horror of which clung to me until I realized I was indeed free from the physical earth-form that had dragged me down to the lowest depths of despair.

Now I breathe the pure air of a beautiful existence I had often dreamed of!

At last I am free—free!

Passing Out Into Life

II

I WILL not dwell on the ecstasy that filled my soul when freed from its prison.

My grand, triumphal march into spirit land was led by the god I worshipped in the flesh—the god of Love, who inspired my longing heart to express so poorly the sobbing echo of a genius I had ignored.

My mission, unfulfilled then, I shall now start the battle-cry of life!

Life eternal!

Life unencumbered by the carnal flesh I had so abused and mutilated!

I come again as spirit—
An emanation of Divine Mind!
An ethereal Essence that travels
like air!

Believest Thou This

A substance without weight!

The glory of my vision has been intensified, and from afar I view the surging mass of poor humanity, rushing wildly into the hell they themselves have created.

Oh, it is pitiable!

And yet Eternal Law must be fulfilled!

The everlasting cry for happiness rushes far into the silence of each soul, and some day, satiated with vain desires of the flesh, the spirit will reach out beyond externals, and grasp the joys that have been buried in the inner senses for ages.

III

TO each expression of Divine Mind a mission has been allotted, which must be performed sooner or later.

Passing Out Into Life

If thou playest truant, the great Schoolmaster uplifts the wand of warning and thou shrinkest back into thy creeping flesh in fear and wrath, because thou dost not know that the God thou hast been taught to worship has been maligned.

O God of Love! God of Truth!

Awaken thy children to the mighty powers of the invisible forces ceaselessly working through them out into the light, which shall illumine their pathway throughout eternity!

IV

OUT into the night!

With all the grawsome shades that hover o'er poor humanity, I fold my white robe about me and watch the ebbing out of passions that are weakened by their own force.

Believest Thou This

I know that somewhere in the universe each soul in time shall find its mate, and all the yearnings of the Past shall be forgotten.

I stretch forth my hand to beckon on to higher realms, where longing souls can quench their thirst at the ever bubbling fountain where all is love, hope, and beauty!

I whisper such sweet words of melody to ears that cannot hear.

This universal love I feel must a responsive soul attune, for with all God's creatures I am one!

I want to lift thee by the power of my love to the ecstatic joy that has come to me!

I know the way now; come, let me lead thee!

I passed out of a poor, frail, weakened body only to become a great warrior.

Passing Out Into Life

A multitude of unseen forces
are laboring with me to remove
the chains that bind thee down as
tightly as they once bound me.

Come! unbar the stable door
and let the Christ be born!

The divinity within thee is fight-
ing for a mental atmosphere of
aspiration!

The Heaven-born child of Wis-
dom is weary of the charnel house
that has sheltered Fear so long!

Come—where all is love and
peace!

V

O H! freedom without limit!
Possession without effort!
Victory without battles!

All—all are thine!
Come—desire! aspire!
And claim thine own!

Believest Thou This

Creep out of that house of flesh
at will, and live in the spiritual
exaltation where *mind* governs all
things!

Once the limitations have been
passed, the aerial flight through
space will open wonders to thine
eyes and ears;

Thy whole being will expand
to a mightiness that will exceed
the mind's conception, until repe-
tition familiarizes the soul with
its own greatness;—

Then with the power of a mil-
lion worlds thou wilt cry with me—

“We are all one, and one is
God!”

If the arid desert of *one life*
be cooled and brightened because
of me, my soul in glory will ex-
pand and chant sweet psalms for-
evermore!

Passing Out Into Life

To live and breathe throughout eternity!

O Life! how beautiful thou art!

This endless activity—this reaching—climbing—struggling to attain the highest!—

Onward! upward! celestial flight—dimming the stars in our brilliancy!

A shapeless Something etherealizing into form, then disappearing into nothingness—and wondered at—

O God, how great thou art!

VI

THROUGHOUT the vast reality of what my spirit recognizes as expansion—in endless ages of a firm desire to be the individual Self—bereft of all

Believest Thou This

but what contributes to the universal Whole—

The herculean strength increased, etherealized into zephyrs so light, so airy that none but the chosen few can perceive its flight—

Aspiring soul, thou hast no limitation!

Confucius and the wise men of the East, great masters of the esoteric world, probed Nature's womb, and found all treasures buried there.

The atom in its tiny world reveals strange mysteries to build gigantic truths upon:

So, in that form of matter which thou dreamest is real, no portion but the halo has a substance.

The clinging spirit, in activity and life, gives animation and desire.

Passing Out Into Life

The sepulchred form is but a mausoleum from which the living Christ is born!

Rejoice! O weary heart! and keep that temple sacred to the grandeur of Divine Intelligence! —impregnating thy whole being with a radiance that can illumine and inspire all God's creatures!

VII

IN thy pathway I throw red roses—

Mine own heart's blood that drop by drop oozed from the house of flesh I once did revel in;

Where I crucified the demon of an earth's desire.

Sweet violets, too, I hand thee—a symbol of the highest aspiration;

Forget-me-nots and buttercups, that lift their little heads so high

Believest Thou This

to catch the fragrance of the
brighter flowers:—

Love, aspiration, purity, and
truth!

When wilt thou claim them?

When wilt thou be free?

Now! weary one, now!



Ilion

“While Ilion, like a mist, rose into towers.”

MYSTICAL dreams that bewilder the senses,
Mystical visions that dance through the mind,
Mystical fairies that hover around us,
Mystical truths that but few of us find!

Doubting yet hoping,
Fearing yet longing
For the weird fancies that few may perceive—

Upholding—sighing—
Denying—crying—

Believest Thou This

Why do these images come not to me!

Beautiful thoughts must ennable the thinker,

Beautiful words bring joy and good cheer;

Beautiful deeds in the moments of sorrow—

Beautiful truths that the whole world may hear!

Waiting and working,

Hoping and trusting,

Patiently striving God's methods to learn;

Onward! keep going—

Believing and knowing

Quicken the fire that forever will burn!

Knowledge will come when we strive for possession,

Ilion

Wisdom soon follows the mind
well attuned;

Love holds the light that illuminates
our searching,—

Truth the firm rock on which souls
have communed!

Knowledge is thine!

Wisdom divine!

Following principles of Nature's
vast whole!

Great in endeavor—

Aspiring forever—

Man is a god, aye, in power and
in soul!

Spiritual courage enlightens the
mind!

Spiritual essence of soul life you'll
find!

Spiritual whispers we list for afar,
Spiritual eyes that can pierce
through a star!

Believest Thou This

Rapture entrancing—
All things enhancing—

Deep into depths of the Soul's
surging sea!

Joys so ecstatic—
Truths so emphatic—

Bringing great glory to thee and
to me!

'Waken thy heart to this inner
sensation!

'Waken thy soul to the great
Emanation!

'Waken thine eyes to this vision of
beauty!

'Waken thine ears to a sense of
thy duty!

Higher and higher—
Aspire! oh, aspire!

Delve with the mystics, and learn
to be free!

llion

Spirit will guide thee,
Love will abide thee—
There is only one God for thee
and for me!



Repentance*

STAR of my soul!
I bow to thee in humble
supplication!

Thy wrongs were bravely borne.
E'en though I robbed thee of a
joyous childhood, I cannot check
thy budding soul from reaching
beauteous growth.

Every heartache thou hast known,
I've suffered for, and through
my agony of contrition made
atonement!

Every tear thou hast shed, casts
a brilliant lustre in the shim-
mering light that is bursting
through the clouds which now
encompass thee!

*This message was given for a father to his daughter,
G. T. C.

Repentance

My sorrowing child, open wide
the pearly gates of Intuition!

Let in the light that will soothe
and comfort thee forevermore!

Be thine own guide;

Seek in the recesses of thine inner
self, and soon thy tortured heart
will vibrate with a strange sen-
sation which will radiate thy
whole being into an ecstasy of
aspiration and expansion!

Teach thy heart the sweet melody
which is stealing into the depths
of thine understanding — so
gently—so softly! lest the rude
awakening startle the old
thought of grief and fear thou
hast nestled so long to thy warm
flesh!

Tear out these vipers that have
sucked thy warm blood, and
held thee down to an atmos-

Believest Thou This

phere which shall no longer contaminate thee!

Reach out, O great Soul!

Revel in the new life which every wave of thought ushers in to lead thee in triumphant glory to the blessings of a real existence!

The echoing sob of a dream thou hast nourished so long may mar the sweet placidity of the new-born soul, until thou tearest out the venomous fangs that pierced thy white flesh!

Thy great love nature, ever longing for response, can never glean one ray of satisfaction in a world of limitation,—

So keen and powerfully magnified are all the fibres of thy nature compared with other creatures!

Repentance

The very weight of thy passion
crushes what it lights upon!

The sobs and tears, forced back
into thy bleeding heart, have
all been housed with the gods!

Somewhere in Eternity they will
float like little gems to light thee
on to life immortal.

Child of my real self, draw near
me in thought!

I beg forgiveness—

Mine ignorance was the cause of
all offense.

My restless soul will anchored be
to grief, until thy sweet self
will nestle in mine arms con-
tent!

I could not more humbly beg thy
forgiveness wert thou a million
times a Queen and I a serf!

Roll from thy heart that huge
stone of Malice;

Believest Thou This

Let love flow in with all its mighty power!

And when thy slumb'ring soul awakes in that pulse-quicken'd form—

Praise God of whom thou art a part!

The beacon light is burning now,
The signal hath been given thee!
And from afar I wait with joy
The hour that brings mine own to me!

Emotion's Queen! Celestial fire,
That makes thy throbbing heart aflame—

Dismiss the False—accept the Real!

Let earth condemn—and Heaven acclaim!

Loves Enjoying

God sends His teachers unto every age,
To every clime and race of men,
With revelations fitted to their growth
And shape of mind; nor gives the realm
of truth

Into the selfish rule of one sole race.

—Emerson.

I

MY child! thy tangled skein
of hope, which hangs so
high in air for one brief
moment,
Quivers in the breeze of doubt,
then falls to earth.

Draw near to me!

Let me question thee.

To be in communication with the
psychic forces, whether form

Believest Thou This

or spirit, thou must keep the
beating of the pulse—the mind
—the atmosphere wherein thou
breathest, in perfect harmony
for receptivity;

Sensitive to all conditions—thy
chosen friends but few;

Bar out from view—from touch—
from thought, such elements as
interpose 'twixt thee and thy
desires.

Art thou ready all pleasures to
forego?—

All actions to forswear but what
will benefit the whole?

If thou canst lend submission truly,
child of my soul, be great!

I bring thee aid from armies well
equipped to win great battles;

I bring thee all the cherished hopes
I never realized on earth, now

Loves Enjoining

multiplied a thousand times in power!

I force from out the limitless depths of thine own self the genius thou hast so long neglected!

Thy searching mind has yearned from childhood to bridge the mystical chasm which separates thee from all the glory the aspiration of thy soul now claims.

The forces that ushered thy life into earth-form hovered o'er thee then as now;

They placed the insignia on thy brow by which the world could designate thee from others.

The myriad trials, weaknesses, and faults which did beset thee, have brought thee purified into an existence of bliss,—by the overcoming and the crucifying of the flesh, which thou shalt soon attain.

Believest Thou This

Communion with the mighty souls
that do surround thee, has
awakened thy mentality and
inner senses to a degree of sus-
ceptibility that shall startle the
skeptical into an understanding
they have so long denied.

Draw nearer, my child!

I love thee so, for thy sweet grace
and sympathy to all!

I need not tell thee to waft on every
breeze the tidings of our sweet
communion!

I want the world to know I still
live!—

I *shall* live throughout eternity!
Through the powers of an unseen
God, I greet you.

I breathe!—I live!—I love!

Oh, the joy of Live immortal!

Loves Enjoining

II

I AM a wave that dances on the sea!

I am a flower, with fragrance so faint and delicate I permeate all space!

I am a star, so brilliant and effulgent, my rays penetrate thy heart and blind the little demons of fear and doubt which have nestled there so closely!

I am electric!

I am magnetic!

An unseen force!

I grasp the filmy, spidery webs that clogged the progress of thy mind!

I will rend them apart, and scatter the fragments into a Chaos thy limited intelligence created!

I will purge the old dogma of

Believest Thou This

Unbelief into a comprehension
of thine own greatness!

I will force you with the mighty
army of Truth to tear down the
false gods of Materiality, and
to unfurl the banner of Immor-
tality and Life!

We are all one!

We always were!

We always shall be!

There is no death!

Invocation

THOU All-controlling Spirit!—
Thy mighty and majestic
Presence is ever near!

All nature bows to Thy suprem-
acy!

In this most glorious revelation to
Thy children, I invoke thine aid.

Oh, Spiritual Emersion so long
delayed, engulf Thy subjects
into an ocean so deep, so bot-
tomless, that extrication is im-
possible, until they have forced
the priceless gems from out the
grassy meshes of Materiality
which had concealed their birth!

Immaculate and holy in Thy con-
ception, let the purity of Thy
presence penetrate the mouldy

Believest Thou This

chasms of their slumbering hearts!

Awaken them, O monarch Mind!
to all their bounteous posses-
sions!

Cleave unto them as the ivy to the oak.

Shield them from the serpent's coil!

O God of Love!

O God of Truth!

O God of Life!

Let Thy spirit permeate every atom of Man's form to the understanding and acknowledgment of Thy presence!

Burn out the lacerated, corrupted mass of ignorance by the fire of Thy love!

Tear open those glassy eyes which have been closed so long they are

Invocation

creeping back into a wormy
brain to rot!

Wedge them open wide that they
may behold Thy flaming torch
of Truth!

Let Thy fluidic Essence rush into
the lymphatic veins, and so
course through that universe of
flesh that each will shriek with
joy—

“God is Life!”

“God is Truth!”

“God is Love!”

I now acclaim Thy power, Al-
mighty Spirit!

Thou Knowest

I

DEEP down in the silence of each soul Mind's essence has been implanted.

Starve not thy hungry heart for love.

Plunge into the shadowy vale of thine inner life, and drink at the Inexhaustible Fountain, the sparkling elixir that will satisfy thy craving!

Let no individual heart claim thee as subject—

Be monarch thyself!

Wield the sceptre of power o'er all nations!

Love is the mighty weapon which

Thou Knowest

embraces and conquers the universe!

Be brave and loyal to thy subjects,
e'en when thou art condemned,
ridiculed, and jeered at.

Uphold thy just cause—stand firm
on the solid rock of thine own
convictions!

Hold silent thy tongue;—

Deaden thine ears to opprobrious
names;—

Close thine eyes to thy deformed
effigy;—

Seek thine own sanctuary, and
whisper so softly that only the
angels may hear—

“Thou knowest!”

II

THOU knowest all that is endured for Truth's sweet sake!

Thou knowest every weary wave

Believest Thou This

of doubt that rushes wildly into the vast expanse of hope, and so fills true hearts to joyous overflowing!

The blind—the deaf—the dumb, do stand and try to teach the Knowing how to *speak*—to *hear* to *see*; and when they dare resent the opposition, do sneer and vilify the brave exponents of a truth so grand—so mighty their cramped and narrow intellects cannot grasp it.

Wait! God's chosen ones—wait!
The Word shall be spoken!

All the Babylonian temples built upon the sand shall totter and sink into their own nothingness!

The gaping and blood-stained victims of the gods they created, will cry out and gnash their teeth in wild and demoniac despair!

Thou Knowest

Wait—wait—wait!

Thou, great and noble Soul, forgetting all the infamy heaped upon thy head, wilt stretch forth thy hand to lift, comfort and cleanse the putrid mass of accumulated ignorance into a realization of the holy temples they have degraded.

Tear off the winding sheet of Death—

Tear off the grimy mask that has concealed the Real so long, and into that deep and sodden grave—dug with their own hands—heap the mouldy earth, with its foulness and crawling worms!

III

THOU knowest! Thou knowest!

All Thy creatures are dear to Thee!

No soul can be lost!

Believest Thou This

The blinding Night shed such darkness the light could not penetrate; the Serpent with his shiny scales charmed and fascinated; the weight of gold clung so closely to thy flesh thou couldst not rise to higher realms!

I will flash such stars of light and brilliancy that they will startle the old Serpent into a stupor, and bejewel the heavens with one blazing glory!

The pure metal of thine inner self shall shame the earth-gold thou didst so prize.

I come without the cross that weighted down the weak, frail form which men were pleased to praise;

I enter unannounced, like a flood of sunshine stealing through thy curtain'd window;

Thou Knowest

I perfume thy chamber with the fragrance of the gods;
I creep into thy warm bosom to rouse that slumbering heart to action!

All is Love!
All is Life!
All is God!

IV

OUT in a lonely spot there lies a grave that holds a form I once did call mine own.

Deep out of sight, in a casket—
Forgotten by all—
My faults—my sins—my weaknesses, lie buried in that mould of clay.

My mind—my soul—my *Self*, leapt from its prison house, and sought

Believest Thou This

the Paradise I long had dreamed of.

And from afar I see the moonlight's silver rays upon the stone which marks my earth-form's resting place.

And there engraved I read the old familiar words—
“Thou knowest!”



When Will Ye Heed Me

I

YE Voices that have been housed with the gods of Superstition for ages be silent, that my people may hearken unto me!

I fling from me my foamy drapery, and dive deep into the sea to bring back the echo of some sweet melody to charm your dying souls into life!

I tear the clouds from out the sky to assume a form, and light my head with one of heaven's brightest stars, that ye might see me!

Believest Thou This

I linger with the grand old trees,
to catch the weird music which
rushes through the ghostly forest
on wings of Love!

I creep into the tiny petals of
each flower;

I suck their honeyed sweetness,
and rob the busy bee of all its
precious wealth, to lavish on my
people.

Still ye will not heed me.

II

I GLIDE into the Mystic's hoary
brain, and wrench therefrom
the treasures he guards with
such precaution;

I dig into the bowels of the earth,
and crush the viscid crawling
things which feed upon its foul-
ness;

When Will Ye Heed Me

I float on zephyrs—so light that none can see me—into the laboratories of Science;

I circle round my shapless form the precious gems they have unearthed, and waft them with all their mighty powers into the musty caverns of your brain!

I plead with the ancient sages to reveal the grand secrets enshrouded with such mystery—that I might benefit my people.

I face the gods in all defiance, and demand the wisdom Hermetically sealed in their minds throughout eternity, except to those who do aspire.

I plead to the god of Love to spread his golden wings, that I may nestle 'neath so closely, and be borne on the cloud of Thought

Believest Thou This

to awaken your slumbering souls!
Still ye will not heed me!

III

I TELL you no grave can be dug deep enough to entomb your life for slimy, creeping things to feast upon!

I tell you your thought—your mind—your soul, is one with God, throughout eternal progress!

I tell you creatures of a slavish passion—that eats and gnaws out your young heart's blood, and deadens your eyes and ears to the inner senses—Beware!

Your earthly loves will sap your strength, and force your weakened bodies into the deep chasm of the grave your darkened minds call Death!

When Will Ye Heed Me

I tell you, all the gold your greedy hands are clutching, miser-like, will melt into a hell so fiery hot that your blistered, bleeding forms will writhe in agony!

I tell you, all the jewels rare and splendor of attire are but the food denied the starving poor!

Their parched and shrunkened throats rattle with curses that force the red blood to ooze out and stain their purple lips!

I tell you, each moment is laden down with precious thoughts that fight with all the strength of the warriors of old to conquer the demons of Indifference, Doubt, and Fear, and place you in a castle of such majestic truth that shall startle you into consciousness!

Still ye will not heed me!

Believest Thou This

IV

O MY people—I love you so!
I long to have you see the
light of Life Immortal!

I long to crush the iron wall that
darkens your view!

I long to circle round your form
the everlasting breath of fire—to
purge the odor of a false belief!

I long to lift you to the immortal
heights of mine own Being—

There to dwell in sweet com-
munion with the gods!

I crave—beseech—implore!

Oh, when will ye heed me!

When—when will ye heed me!

When Will Ye Heed Me

V

BUT I cling to you, O my people!

I cannot let you go!

I know you cannot anchor long on the sinking sand upon which you built your hopes.

The ebbing tide did moisten each grain so well your weight will bear you down!

You will sink so slowly into the depths that when your choking throats are tightly braced you cannot call for help!

You will stretch out so wildly your clammy fingers,—and I will grasp you with a prayerful sob of joy!—

Then—then ye will heed me!

Ye M ystics

Listen to the low, sweet music of promise, rushing wildly through floods of God-inspiration of love, up to Eternity.—MENKEN: *The Release.*

I

STAND out, apart from all the world and proclaim your mightiness!

Ye hungry, starving souls, that bend and strain your piercing eyes into the sphinx-like volumes of centuries past, to find the spirit of expression too closely veiled!

The old philosophizing students tore themselves apart from vul-

Ye Mystics

gar gold, and plunging into Nature's vault they sought the wealth ye yearn to grasp.

Lift up your heads, and let the supplication of your being's needs open the floodgates of the starry heavens, and pour their priceless gems into your longing hearts!

If ye would earn, claim, possess the Philosopher's Stone—the Elixir of Life—follow not the oily, jealous, deceptive, winding crevices of the Alchemist's teachings,

O ye students, be wise;
The combination of material metals, so prepared they mystify and rack your subtle brain, are but misleading landmarks for the greedy, grasping, miserly natures not yet attuned to harmony.

Believest Thou This

Find ye Nature's Spirit!

All the elements she has belched
and vomited forth, shall be your
own to direct into usefulness!

II

PARACELsus quenched his
thirst at the ever-bubbling,
rushing rivers of Intuition,
Aspiration, and Conception;—
And so emerged the Living Christ!
The Spiritual Essence that ce-
mented and glorified his calling,
circled through space like a
storm-beaten bird, rushing
midst the torrents of wind and
rain, seeking a branch to light
upon and spread its wings.

So, ye Wisdom Seekers, fill ye your
lamps with celestial oil!

Let the spark that lights you on
to heights sublime, scorch the

Ye Mystics

foul, clinging demon of the flesh,
with its hot and putrid breath!

I bow before the shrine at which
ye worship, in all reverence!

I herald your approaching goal
in a chariot of blazing fire and
with bugle calls!

I am laden down with incense and
sweet oils to bathe and bind
your many agonizing wounds
received in climbing the steep
heights to reach the Great Be-
yond!

White Souls with God's seal
stamped!

Immerse your whole being into
this limitless activity of supernal
effort!

Search through the archives of
the masters, and emulate their
methods!

Overcome—not mortify—the flesh!

Believest Thou This

The magnetized atoms, so congealed to give you form, must to earth be rendered in all symmetry and perfection.

The Himalayans and the savants of the ancient day—in haste to reach the goal, starved and mutilated the temple of the soul they craved to purify.

Their blistered tongues they wrenched out by the roots!

Their upraised eyes they pierced with red-hot steel!

They tortured—desecrated—God's own gift to man.

And when complete the human wreck, the spirit was withdrawn to animate a temple that would express more worthily Almighty Mind's desire!

Ye Mystics

III

WHEN Luna sheds her silvery rays, and deadens all the lustre of the stars that sprinkle earth's fair canopy,

Look ye with eyes of telescopic power into the entralling secrets gyved in the distant firmament!

Mount Jupiter's benefic throne!

Steal ye beneath his royal robes, close enfold yourself and sue for blessing!

Gird on an iron armor, confront bold Mars, and possess yourself of his fiery weapons!

Embrace fair Venus, and beg for one sweet kiss of love!

Then roam with Mercury through

Believest Thou This

the starry planes, until ye dip
in Neptune's briny sea!

Old Herschel bids you all beware!—
and Saturn crushes with his
frown!

But when grand Vulcan doth ap-
pear, he'll take you kindly by
the hand and lead you to the
dazzling Sun, whose warmth of
greeting will draw you on to
crave the truth of all the mag-
nates of the heavens!

Oh, ye mystical dreamers of Soul's
realities!

With one leap ye can bridge the
heights that marshal on to great-
ness!

Crush into nothingness the little
flying moths that circle round
your light to cast a splendor of
desire ye fain would kill!

Be firm!

Ye Mystics

Be loyal to your Higher Self!
And with all the warmth of joy in
your new-found treasures, ye will
spread glad tidings to enlighten
the world!



Soul's Aspiration

“It is the Soul's prerogative, its fate,
To shape the outward to its own estate.”

I

THE splash of the tide upon
the beach doth carry out
to sea the choicest pebbles
buried there.

All the flotsam of the deep is
washed on shore to rot and dry.
So in life's pilgrimage on earth, the
finer qualities of the soul cannot
bear rude contact with coarser
elements that so disturb the
sweet tranquility of thine inner
senses.

Soul's Aspiration

God's own bright wave of
light

Doth bury out of sight
—the powers that grace thine
immortal self!

When perfection doth crown thine
efforts, all the *débris* of thy
former life will be eliminated
from thy heart to give greater
scope to thine inspiration.

These rude battles with material-
ism which jar and nettle thy
sensitive nature, shall all be
swept aside as with one blinding
flash of lightning that shall illu-
minate thy genius!

Cling thou to the firm rock which
holds thy life so high above the
restless waters that fain would
encompass thee!

Stretch out thine arms, so strong
to do the right, and with thy

Believest Thou This

majestic form make thou the cross to awe and keep aloof the blood-thirsty wolves that would devour thee for thy sweet chastity and truth!

O'erleap environments which so enmesh thee with bright promises of glittering gold that never could appease thy hungry heart!

II

O Time! thou healer and preceptor of all earth's seeming griefs and woes,— hasten in thy flight to bridge the Future with the Present!

The little spark now consuming thee with desire for expansion, will glow into a scorching flame thy restless, longing soul can ne'er withstand!

Soul's Aspiration

With one supernal thrust of disdain, contempt, aversion, thou shalt renounce the world and cleave to higher realms that claim thine aid!

The lowly creatures not yet quickened into life shall greet thy presence as a savior.

The balm thou bringest from the holy land shall heal all wounds of flesh and spirit.

Thy flashing eyes shall shed magnetic flames of light to pierce the monarch's skeptic's mind to kneel before thy gracious self in all humility!

Martyrs of the ages gone, who suffered infamy and death for Truth's sweet sake, blend their strength in unity to urge thee on to this one great purpose of Eternal Law's fulfillment!

Believest Thou This

Pause not in quivering doubt!
Let the phantom music of the
heavenly choir stir thy soul into
ecstasy divine!
Couldst thou but see the little elves
that circle about thee, using all
their charms and pretty ways to
coax, allure thee on to this great
Cause, thy rapturous self, im-
patient would become to mount
the throne of Power!

III

TO what greater glory can soul
aspire than this consumma-
tion which so absorbs thy life!
The musical, rhythmic measure
that ever haunts thine ear, must
find expression to vent the
smothered joy that oppresses
thee!

Soul's Aspiration

Thy mystic nature has reached the tower of Mind's poise, and monarch-like claims submission of thine objective self.

Thy spirit, long compressed in dark and narrow confines, ached and moaned to seek release, and so sundered chains and leapt with one great bound to pyramidal heights, there to beckon thee on to rest thy weary heart in sublimest peace and exaltation!

The echo of thy sighs for celestial love rushed wailing through the corridors of Time, and pierced the listful ears of angels with minor-keyed plaintiveness.

In perfect truth thou needs must claim thine own!

Responsive chords of sympathy and aid are ushered in with such

Believest Thou This

bountiful munificence, to lend
more lustre to the sparkle of thy
genius!

Hail thou the coming morn, when
all the world will breathe thy
name in praise!

Ministering forces do evoke the
sanction of enlightened minds
to proclaim thy mission true
and mighty.

With one accord thy purpose shall
be greeted with such warm ap-
proval as will hasten thine acces-
sion to a field of labor thou shalt
revel in and reign!

Come thou with thy mystical
heart's fond desire,
And drink at the fountain where
Love's waters play;
Come thou with thy torch of the
heavenly fire,
And search with thy light for
the souls gone astray!

Genius Divine

“The stars shall fade away, the sun himself
Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years:
But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
Unhurt amidst the war of elements,
The wrecks of matter, and the crush of worlds!”

GENIUS was ushered into life, Minerva-like, in steel so bright, to wage great wars with nations that oppose their own unfoldment:—

Imbued with all the fiery energy of the planet Mars—electric in vibrations—disruptive—sharp, and cutting down the old dogmas of centuries past—annihilating all the

Believest Thou This

vast impediments which have retarded progressive Mind's achievements!

Genius, in all its power and brilliancy, shall flash great swords of truth, and purge your mildewed brains of the stagnant pool of Error ye have been stultified in!

When devastation of your darling gods ye do lament, and buried low in grovelling grief ye sink to earth—

Fair genius extends the healing balm, and bathes your open wounds with magnetic thrills of realization ye ne'er possessed before!

“Genius is a celestial symphony, adapted only to Heaven's own instruments!”

Genius doth feed upon imagination which gave it birth.

Genius Divine

The lofty, dreamy Searcher's mind doth soar above the silvery light which gleams through every cloud!

The opaque moon becomes transparent and naught is barred from uplifted souls that fain would drink her rays of inspiration, and frame them into melodies of praise!

Genius, to grasp the unattainable, doth throttle and mangle the white throats of living obstacles.

No king upon his royal throne has equal power!

The scintillating gems that grace the beauty of minds inspired, do shame into scorn the jewelled baubles bestowed upon the vain.

The mighty strength of souls attuned with God can overcome the destiny of man!

Believest Thou This

O Infinite Power, whose scroll of
Truth unfurl'd
Doth glorify the triumph we
adore!

O Genius! breathe thine incense to
the world—
Enlighten earth's fair creatures,
I implore!

Self Divinity

I

EACH human expression of Deity is a poem.

The degree and quality of achievement determines its merit.

Deeds, not words, are the essential attributes for most potent results.

Desire accelerates possession, in measureless depths of Soul's requirements.

Fallacious arguments huge barriers build, diverting wild Ambition's flow into the murmuring stream of Doubt.

Let the silence of thine own heart be thine only Preceptor;—

Believest Thou This

the Power in thine Inner Self which forces thee to breathe—to think—to live—thine only God!

“Thou self-sprung Being that doth all enfold,

And in Thine arms Heaven’s whirling fabric hold!”

Evolve great mysteries to the world from out the massive structure buried deep in Nature’s vault, where Mind doth penetrate and enter into Wisdom’s loyal realm!

Unfold thy Being’s gorgeous raiment to dim the lustre of the twinkling stars which seem to soar so far above thee!

No soul is greater than thine own—

No soul more lowly born!

The consciousness of possibilities

Self Divinity

unlimited, empowers all to reach
to heights supreme.

“Kings it makes gods, and meaner
creatures kings!”

II

AFFIRM thy power silently,
without one reservation to
weaken thine assertion.

One Mind!

One Life!

One God!

Thou doth embrace them all in
body, mind and soul, when thou
doth truly know thyself!

Be true—be firm—be just!

Claim thou thy heritage!

Down in the mines of darkened
Memory, slumbering like an infant
on its mother’s breast, most pre-
cious Love is conscious of the sobs
and yearnings of advancing souls!

Believest Thou This

Plunge thou into the smothered chasm with all the force of thine intellect!

Unearth thy priceless gems, and mount them into the golden crown thou shalt fashion from out the sun's bright orb!

Be thou the oracle for Nation's hopes to build upon!

Grapple and strangle in thy martial effort all thought or passion that would impede thy glorious aim!

The tempest which surrounds thee must vanquished be, and held in firm abeyance until thou art proclaimed Conqueror—

“Along that grand triumphal arch,
Through which the good to glory march!”

Self Divinity

III

THE calm, gray mist which marks the early dawn of Hope's fulfillment, shall gather all the moisture from out the fleeting clouds, and freshen earth's fair blossoms to greet thine august presence!

All hail to thy great endeavor!

All hail to thine achievement!

All glory to thy constancy!

When thy frail mortal form quails before the wintry blast, and bows submissive to thy restless spirit's flight, so well equipped thou'l be to traverse space and find thine abode in life immortal.

“Farewell!” thou'l whisper to those who loved thee for thine own pure worth.

“Farewell to all God's creatures here below!

Believest Thou This

“I have gone only a little time before, and from my grand celestial height I’ll lead and guard thee on thy journey home!”

Peace be unto all!

God guide thee!

“His spirit doth in thy spirit shine
As shines the sunlight in a drop
of dew!”

Thy conscious self will breathe
a low “Adieu! adieu!”



I Love Thee

I

WHAT joy to love!
To love as I love thee!
Whoe'er should chance
to read this sweet confession,
know that mine eyes are gazing
into thine with all the ardor of a
lover's soul!

To grasp, to hold—enfold thee
as mine own,

I fain would pierce thy heart
with Cupid's dart,—

Enthrall thy being's lake with
deep ecstatic bliss,—so deep, so
great, so all-absorbing is this love
I bear thee!

Believest Thou This

If I could find expression
To this heavenly intercession,—
cementing heart to heart and life
to life, thou couldst not grasp my
meaning;

For poor words cannot convey
the depth of my passion for this
mouldering house of clay.

II

THINKEST thou I love the
mansion my love doth dwell
within?

For shame!

A senseless, cold, inanimate
thing, that naught else can con-
tain but thy sweet self!

Thine eyes to me are nothing
but the windows of thy soul!

Thy form is lost to view by the
halo of thy smile!

Thyself—thyself divine!—is

I Love Thee

what I worship with my heart and mind!

Thou art part of myself—inseparable throughout all space and Time!

Combined,

Entwined

Forevermore! with Infinite Love Divine!

III

NAY, hold thou not aloof in fear!

I could not harm thee if I would.

I'll shadow thee in every place thou goest.

I'll be thy constant guide, to shelter and protect thee from earth's woes!

I'll coax from out thy heart the twittering bird of aspiration,

Believest Thou This

and place the cherished thing upon
a mountain high.

I'll fondle and caress the little
smothered throat, and when sweet
notes of melody fill thine ears,
I'll waft him back to shelter in
thy warm bosom, and fill thy
life with joy!

Come! let me whisper all the
angels breathe to thee in praise.

I know thou canst not long
withhold thy fond embrace.

I clasp thee in such measureless
emotion!

I love thee with intense devo-
tion!

I'll behold thee crowned on a
royal throne—

Happy in thy celestial home!

I Love Thee

IV

I LOVE thee! I love thee! I
love thee!

How can I let thee go for even
one brief moment!

I know thou'l come, thou way-
ward one; when weary of the
world's sad care, thy heart will
long for peace.

I fain would spare thee thy
lonely vigil of unrest.

Release thy fettered soul, and
live anew!

Come! let me entice thee from
the old allurements which hold
thee back.

Couldst thou but realize thy
happier state when freed from
earth's entanglements, I need not
bend so low to plead and sue for
thy dear love!

Believest Thou This

But I'll possess thee, e'en though
thou dost abhor me now!

'Tis but a little while to wait.

I claim thee as Love's own self!

I need thee, else my life is incom-
plete!

I'll circle thee with such bright
orbs of light!

I'll hold thee in mine arms so close
and tight!

I'll shut out all the darkness of the
night!

I want thee—I crave thee—I'll
have thee!

I love thee—I love thee—I love
thee!

Sweet Motherhood

LET me plead with thee, O ye mothers, to nourish the little plants God intrusted to your keeping, that they develop into mighty giants to rule the Universe their bodies do compose.

Oh, what glorious sermons their thoughts can expound for future generations to build upon!

Ye are powerful instruments, ye mothers, to graft the little seed of knowledge into the ripening tree of spiritual design.

Open the casement of your darling's silent chamber, admit
"The kingly Guest who comes to

Believest Thou This

claim his rightful dominion."

Ye would not let a vine neglected
run to twine amongst the weeds
that grow so low upon the earth:
Then train your thoughts to climb
in spiral shape the Infinite Cord
that reaches to the sky.

Your little offspring, mirror-like,
reflects the shadow of your men-
tal sphere.

Uproot the weeds of Fear and
Superstition from out your gar-
den bed of Hope, and plant the
seed of Good—Eternal Good—
to blossom into beauteous
growth of intellect and power!

The little one ye love so well will
all responsive be to catch the
spirit of your thought in all its
purity.

Dwell ye on all that doth uphold

Sweet Motherhood

the righteousness of life embodied in the realm of Thought —embraced within yourself.

Be ye perfect in example, for God's image to emulate.

Polish and beautify the precious Pearl ye hold in trust, that the Light from within may shed a lustre to illuminate all space.

O ye mothers! clasp so tightly this little germ of love, lest the rapid whirlpool of old Error engulf and blind it in darkest Night!

The wild beast of the wilderness, with brutal instincts guards with more tenacity her young than ye with all your mental fortifications.

Scatter ye not this wealth of thought:

Concentrate at the fountain's source!

Believest Thou This

One little drop to an ocean
may swell,
Floating afar with bright angels
to dwell!

Divine teaching sanctifies sweet
Motherhood!

That little life is thine;
And yet, forsooth, 'tis mine—
So closely thus entwine
Our souls with Love Divine!

Snowflakes

FALL, silent snow, in thy ghostly robe of white, to mantle earth in thy spotless foamy flakes:

Nestle on the rich and poor alike:
God—makes no distinction!

I watch you falling from the clouds and wonder if you bring a message from Shadowland.

Oh, pretty, shiny flakes, dancing and playing in childish sport!

Going hither and thither as if in doubt just where to fall.

Knowest thou the depths to which thou'l sink when earth claims thee?

Believest Thou This

It seems to me thou art the echo
of holy prayer and thought sent out
on high from aching, bursting
hearts, so freighted down with
grief and care they missed the
glorious gate they sought.

But when the sun doth warm
and melt thy pretty glisten, thy
spirit will ascend again to find its
paradise in Heaven.

I fain would check the footsteps
that trample on thy form,
And shield thy pearly whiteness
from blasts of coming storm.

I view thee on the hilltops, I wor-
ship thee apart,
I know thou hast a message for
some poor saddened heart.

So cold and dead thou seemest the
sun doth fail to heat;

Snowflakes

How calm and still thou art in thy
glistening winding sheet!

As frosty flakelets falling from
Borean heights afar,
I view thy separate motions e'en
as I view a star!

Then lost becomes each crystal,
like rays of setting sun—
No longer art thou single, for all
become as one!

I ponder on this teaching which
Nature doth unfold,
For thou and I and all do a sacred
secret hold;

There's not the tiniest atom in
water, air, or sod,
But wanders back in spirit form
and lives in God!

Fear Not

“Fear not, little flock, for it is your Father’s good pleasure to give you the kingdom.”

THOU poor frail, loving, human bark of Love’s most fruitful tree:

Lift up thy tear-stained face and smile thy sweetest smile, to greet the dawn of hope I bring to thee!

Thou poor lost lamb!

God decked me out in plainest shepherd’s guise, and placed within my hand a staff of mighty strength, to help thee out of marshy, stagnant pools of mire thy wayward feet have grovell’d in.

Fear Not

So, all besmirched and grimy as thou seem'st, and shunning all the light of Day's bright sun to sneak about in Night's veiled gloom, I welcome thee with all the wealth of joy that soul doth know!

I'll bathe thee in the clearest brook,

O'erhung with weeping willow tree,

Where mossy ivy forms a nook,

And snarly, crooked roots we see.

I'll hide thee in a shady dell

All covered o'er with cypress vines—

Alone with Love and me to dwell

Where harmony with peace entwines!

We'll think no thought but one of praise;

Believest Thou This

Our hearts, with deep emotion
filled,
Will enter into Nature's phase
Of bringing forth what God
instilled!

Far, far from the world, with all
its cares and heartaches lain aside,
thou'l bloom into a beauteous
flower, God—kissed into life!

When thou this lofty growth
hast reached, guard well thy fra-
grant petals, lest the harsh wind
of Error should touch and wither
to decay!

Thy heart would break to see
the velvet leaves droop one by one,
leaving nothing but the stem to
stand alone and hang its head in
shame!

I know thou'l strive to reach
the mountain heights, where poets

Fear Not

soar in search of grand ideals to clothe in rhythmic verse.

Fear not the dark and dreary road; Love's eye doth light the way.

If I could tear the bandage from thy darkened view, and show thee all the promised joys thou wilt attain, thou wouldst stand aghast in fear and fright, and deem it but hallucination that could ne'er be real.

Thou must approach exalted Truth according to thy grade of Thought.

Each step confronts thee with a new ideal, which seems so far away, enwrapped in misty doubt.

I'd give thee all the light from out my heart, and wander forth alone to plead for more; but God hath so ordained each Soul shall

Believest Thou This

be supplied according to its worth
and will.

Then banish all the fear from
out thy heart; stand thou erect,
and firmly say *I will!*

There is no battlement so
strongly built:—no might can
pierce or overcome that throne!

Fear not, thou Wanderer from
the fold,

Thy kingdom is within thy
grasp;

Nor heaven nor earth can e'er thee
hold

When God doth claim His own
at last!

Freedom's Joy

I BREATHE out my soul to
thee in song.

Come out from thy charnel
house of Earth's allurement, and
I will cheer thy heart with Love's
pure essence of delight—

Uplifting in design,
Persuasive and benign!

There's not a secret spot in space
can hide thee from my view.

I let thee wander from thy perch
and, birdlike, spread thy restless
wings in ecstasy of Freedom's
joy—

Bewildering in flight,
Entrancing and so bright—

Until thy weary form would
wander home!

Believest Thou This

The briers and the brambles spring
forth in the night
And Fear uprises to rejoice in thy
plight!—
But Spirit effulgent intercedes with
its light,
To guide thee in safety from Wrong
to the Right!

Thou canst not fly too high, my
pretty birdling with thy clipped
wings.

Thine old forest home did grieve
and mourn thine absence, and fain
would have thee back to revel in
thy mirthful songs of glee.

Thine erstwhile boundless
liberty

Has not reveal'd Infinity—
And thy wayward feet must
shackled be until thou strivest
to reach beyond, and findest the

Freedom's Joy

balm to solace thee throughout Eternity!

Vain Glory satisfies not the soul that longs for the Voice upon the hill.

“I am the Spirit who speaketh!”

If thou wouldst freedom know, disenthral thyself from Haste's desire, and chain thy growth to Nature's speed; contented be, e'en in thy humble state, as the beauteous flowers that bloom so close to earth, and draw from but one source their strength and sustenance.

The diver who plunges into waters deep, does not so rapidly ascend.

The little seed implanted in the sod in darkness dwells until the

Believest Thou This

sun-god penetrates his warmth,
and quickens up to light.

If thou wouldst grow as doth the
grand old oak, which shelters in its
branches all the weird enchant-
ment of the forest, nestle thou be-
neath its shade, and let thy soul
climb up its rugged form to drink
the nectar the leaves sucked from
out its twisted roots to thrive upon!

Thou'l hear strange whisper-
ings amongst the trees.

Thou'l feel the presence of un-
earthly forms!

Thy pulse more rapidly will beat,
and then thy heart will know in-
tensest yearning to fathom all the
mysteries that surround thee!

Thy soul will burst its cramped
and narrow confines, and greet
the freedom thou long hast craved!

Freedom's Joy

Oh, pent-up wealth of Freedom's
joy!

Thine own to realize—employ—
As means of reaching high es-
tate,

With God and angels to debate!
O Love! thou must this freedom
know,

To hold—to give—to all bestow!
O joyous Liberty Divine—
'Tis mine, 'tis God's—and yet
'tis thine!

Admonition

YE, with your money-bags so
weighted down—

In warmth and comfort do
ye always dwell,
Forgetful of the cold and starving
poor

Who crave a pittance of your
worldly store!

Could ye but see the little pleading
hands

And faces pinched with Hunger's
mute appeal,

Methinks ye could not rest so well
content

In downy beds and lavishness of
wealth!

Admonition

Ye could not see the little weeping
eyes,
And shrunken forms so pitiful and
weak,
And turn aside, regardless of the
pain
The little ones in humble station
feel!
Ye mothers, with your children
warmly clad,
With luxuries profuse to feast upon,
Be not unmindful of the wretched
poor
Who beg a crust from your palatial
door.

Conquerors

I

TAKE thou thy flight to the
mountain's top,
Where old Despair
No more can dare
to climb and crush thy proud heart
with its cruel frown.

*Dare to be what God has made
thee!*

Strike with all thy might the
discordant element with its crude
and noisome foulness!

Let the sweet melody of thy
heart's desire fill thy life with one
harmonious strain!

Thou shalt achieve thine aspira-
tion.

Conquerors

Success steals so slowly through the winding maze of earth's conditions, that thy poor heart faints with utter desolation.

Be brave!

Be loyal!

When God approves a cause,
He lights the way!

The quenchless fire that so consumes and urges thee to higher realms, shall blazon forth into rays of brilliancy which shall startle weaker souls into a sense of shame.

We greet thee! we welcome thee to thine own sphere of action!

No power can hold thee down to what thou dost abhor.

Thou hast outgrown the cramped and narrow confines of thy former life!

The Gordian knot that unites thy mental atmosphere with Na-

Believest Thou This

ture's forces, can now ne'er sun-
dered be!

The lofty attitude of Mind's self-
conscious power gives thee gigan-
tic strength to wield a sceptre!

Bring forth into usefulness the
wealth stored in thy subconscious
mind!

Be liberal with the gifts bestowed
upon thee by Divine Intelligence,
and benefit thy fellow creatures by
the wisdom of thy words!

May the perfume of every bud
and leaf be wafted into thy soul
and so fill thy life with melody!

II

IN Life's sequence thou shalt
find exemplified the high es-
tate of every cherished thought.

True philosophy is built upon
the firm foundation of Nature's

Conquerors

laws, and from atomic state reaches perfection.

Fluidic waves of ether waft Mind's architectural design into realization.

Assumption of a cause brings effect when Reason and Intelligence combine to actuate the thought.

In thyself thou 'lt find the essential element of progression struggling for recognition.

A mighty power, o'erwhelming in its strength, forms a battlement to guard thy lofty attitude from contact with a less degree of aspiration.

The ebbing of Life's restless tide will float thee to an ocean of boundless depths, whence thou shalt arise in all the splendor of the ancient lore.

Believest Thou This

Wisdom's lap alone holds content when the Soul craves for light, the healing balm of Nature's own decree.

Accelerate thy noble qualities into action!

Withhold not the power God crowned thee with to bless the world.

Thro' majesty of a moonlit night
The darkness changes to a beauteous light;

Thro' radiance of a rising sun
Are battles fought and battles won!

The bravest heroes our God shall claim

Are conquerors who o'er self can reign—

The conquerors of a mighty cause
In endless search of Nature's laws!

R o y a l t y

THERE'S a royal banner of
royal worth
That a royal hand shall
uphold,
There's a royal trust
And a royal truth,
That a royal God shall unfold!

There's a royal lane to a royal cave
Where a royal treasure's con-
cealed,
There's a royal robe,
And a royal crown,
Where a royal Throne is revealed!

There's a royal thought from a
royal mind
Where a royal power shall reign,

Believest Thou This

Where a royal form,
And a royal soul,
Shall a royal wisdom proclaim!

There's a royal love and a royal
faith

Where a royal peace shall abound,
There's a royal heaven
Of royal bliss

Where the royal Spirit is found!

When the royal Guest with a royal
might

In a royal halo is near,
There's a royal hope
And a royal light,

And the royal Self shall appear!

Then the royal words and the
royal deeds

Will a royal mission perform;
Thro' the royal Right
And the royal Good

R o y a l t y

Is a royal world to be born!
Up the royal road to the royal
Home
Of the royal State of the Blest,
 Then a royal welcome—
 A royal feast—
And the royal heart is at rest!



for, for

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Neutralizing agent: Magnesium Oxide
Treatment Date: Nov. 2004

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